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# Stressed Out- Twenty One Pilots



23 0 2

## Chapter 1 by Noor :\*

I wish I found some better sounds no one's ever heard,  
I wish I had a better voice that sang some better words,  
I wish I found some chords in an order that is new,  
I wish I didn't have to rhyme every time I sang,

I was told when I get older all my fears would shrink,  
But now I'm insecure and I care what people think.  
My name's 'Blurryface' and I care what you think

Wish we could turn back time, to the good ol' days,  
When our momma sang us to sleep but now we're stressed out.

Sometimes a certain smell will take me back to when I was young,  
How come I'm never able to identify where it's coming from,  
I'd make a candle out of it if I ever found it,  
Try to sell it, never sell out of it, I'd probably only sell one,

This is to my brother, cause we have the same name

Some clothes hanging out  
I don't know what to do  
I don't want to mind us  
I don't want to mind us  
I don't want to mind us  
I don't want to mind us

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My name's 'Blurryface' and I care what you think

Wish we could turn back time, to the good ol' days,  
When our momma sang us to sleep but now we're stressed out.

We used to play pretend, give each other different names,  
We would build a rocket ship and then we'd fly it far away,  
Used to dream of outer space but now they're laughing at our face,  
Saying, "wake up, you need to make money."

Wish we could turn back time, to the good ol' days,  
When our momma sang us to sleep but now we're stressed out.

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